tional peace or misunderstanding is the press. The courtesy of newspapers toward nations does not count so much between England and the United States as it does on the Continent. "We are not foreign to one another as France, Germany and Italy are foreign to one another. We know one another's ways and we can discount what our newspapers say." After administering this acquittal to the English written press, Bryce declares that "speaking broadly, the press of all the nations taken together has done more to set them in an unlovely light to one another and provoke enmity than to win friendship." The people of each country should pay more attention to the character of their Governments, their politicians and their newspapers.

You may say that each people, since it knows that its own Government, its own politicians and its own press do not represent its best temper and its highest spirit, possibly not even its general spirit, ought to remember that the same is true of neighbor peoples. That may be a good ground for tolerant judgments of other nations; but after all, every nation cannot help being judged by those who purport to speak for it and whose voices go abroad. It will always be liable to be judged by its Government, and must suffer if its Government misrepresents it. If it wishes to escape blame, let the electors turn out the Government. If its politicians misrepresent it, let them be punished by its displeasure. If it feels its public opinion to be fairer and sounder than that of governments and politicians, as has not infrequently happened in England, let it see that wiser and saner opinion finds due expression in its press. To all of us, Englishmen and Americans, it is annoying to see ourselves misjudged by foreigners, and exposed to an ill will which we sometimes have not deserved. But when this happens, it is always more or less our own fault.

IV.

Lord Bryce sums up the causes of war as lust for territory, religious hatred, injury to citizens, commercial and financial ambition, sympathy with those oppressed by an alien Government, and fear. The agencies by which peace may be attained and kept, he says, are diplomacy, popular control of foreign policy, the morality of States and better methods for the settlement of international disputes. Bryce is not strong for alliances. They are unstable, for the interest of one or the other party may change. When made between strong Powers they excite jealousy and suspicion. Resting upon armed force, they make nations think in terms of armed force.

What of the dream of a superstate embracing the whole world—a federation of peoples ruled by a parliament of man? It appeals to the imagination, the old diplomatist admits. It holds out a hope of incalculable blessings. "But it is a phrase, and only a phrase; a phrase which has no definite relation to anything in the actual world of our time." There speaks the wise watcher of events and human weaknesses, the man with charity toward all but delusions about none. Such frankness and practicality make "International Relations" a book of wisdom. Bryce holds out no false hopes, no pessimistic discouragements. He knows humanity and loves it, but the only visions on his horizon are those thrown by the flying film of history.

All we have outlined here of this important book has been but the framework of one of its many sides. The novice who reads it will understand why there can be, for centuries to come, no internationalism. The old students of history will marvel at the grouping and illumination of salient things. Bryce was a man who looked upon the world with a clear and kindly eye. He saw it as it is, not as it ought to be. And, setting down the causes of international quarrels, he has pointed the way to making all the peoples of the earth more friendly toward one another. It is done simply and with an interest which cannot be transferred to the columns of a review. A very human work like this, itself a condensed history of the causes of war and the merits and faults of diplomacy, cannot be well summarized. It would be as hard as writing an epitome of Macaulay's essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes."

FRANK M. O'BRIEN.

The Hawaii of the Jack Londons

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN,
Author of "White Shadows in the South Seas."

OUR HAWAII. By Charmian Kittredge London. The Macmillan Company.

HAWAII is one of two bits of Polynesia owned by America, the other being in Samoa. Hawaii is but 2,000 miles from San Francisco, an excursion voyage now made every few days by many fast steamships, and is the most notable and most frequented tourist resort in the Pacific Ocean. Its hotels and boarding houses are filled with Americans looking for health or novelty in the subtropics. The ocean in front of a line of hotels is splashed in by thousands of tourists daily, and the good roads are traveled by hundreds of automobiles holding admiring Americans and often Australasians. Cafes in Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii, have jazz bands and wiggly or toddly dancing orgies. Nothing is lacking to give Americans what they demand at home. Everything is nicely capitalized and managed from the inviting surf to the raging volcano; comfort is supreme, and on a thousand verandas visitors rejoice in their good fortune in being in Hawaii, or residents count dividends earned by entertaining them.

Besides this show life, a tropical Coney Island, though with few merry go rounds or slides for life, because the patrons are middle aged, there is the home, church and business life of the whites who make their livings in Hawaii and of a small remnant of Hawaiians and part Hawaiians. These latter who survive socially do so entirely by their relations to politics or to non-Hawaiians who have money making abilities. All these people in comfortable circumstances are delightful to know. They are remarkably hospitable, generous in entertainment and lovable in manner. The average tourist does not meet these permanent residents often. They are exclusive largely occupied with their own circles and affairs, and rather suspicious of casuals unless properly introduced. They own and control everything in Hawaii and form a singular aristocracy in American territory which has more sense of its obligations than the plutocracies of our large mainland cities.

These people took to their hearts Jack and Charmina London more than a dozen years ago, and it is of them she writes her vivid, enthusiastic narrative. She loves them all intensely because they love her and because they are so sweet natured, full of fun and yet truly good. She has returned again and again to their bosoms and found them always tender and remembering. Jack London learned to care more for them than for any other group of people, and during the last years of his life, when the current was slowing, spent many months among them. He wrote much to attest his feelings toward them and his widow's book, first published during his lifetime, is to a large degree his and her tribute to the friends who made their seasons in Hawaii swift in passing by their forethought and constant attention.

Oldtimers in Hawaii delight in the book, but for tourists, actual or contemplative, it is a guide to persons, families and places, written with an enthusiasm possible only to a Charmian London. She began "Our Hawaii" as a diary when she and her sailor husband arrived in Honolulu on their yacht Snark in 1907. They were celebrities. London's fame as a writer, the tortuous building of the Snark and the planned voyage of the pair around the world had made them at that time two of the best known Americans who had ever landed there. Civic bodies and domestic circles, business interests and tourist agencies welcomed them with a warmth only felt for their sort. They were young, hearty, merry, well to do, off on the maddest lark in all the seas; and ready to eat, swim, dance, gamble, tour or talk with any one worth while.

While the Snark was being repaired and a new crew signed on the Londons found a wondrous place to live in. Jack wrote his everyday thousand words of fiction—in about fifteen years, at this rate, he published forty or fifty volumes—and his wife looked after his wellbeing. When not thus busied both played hard in Honolulu, or were personally conducted about the several islands of Hawaii by influential acquaintances, whom they soon made warm friends. They were indefatigable sightseers, adventurous to the furthest danger point; they swam roaring surfs, galloped over precipices, rounded up mountain cattle, camped on the lip of a menacing crater, played poker or danced all night, visited the leper settlement and did all the wild things of a honeymoon couple who had no fear of life or death, but monotony. Then they sailed out from Hawaii on their desperate voyage to the South Seas, which ended in disaster.

A half dozen years later they returned to Honolulu, and again and again. While they developed their huge estate in California—I wrote *Mystic Isles of the South Seas* on its fifteen hundred acres—they steeped themselves in association with their friends in Hawaii, in pranks and rambles about the Territory and in the history and legends of ancient times. Jack wrote many stories the scenes of which are laid there, and he lectured and attended scores of dinners and luau, at which he became a notable feature as guest of honor or speaker.

All of these happenings are set down in detail in "Our Hawaii," and Charmian being a woman, there is a good deal about housekeeping, food and dress; just the things the average woman would like to know about. The fruits—queer and delicious—are described; the flowers and trees, the birds and insects, the curios and manners, the songs and music. There is nothing heavy; the very foam of life is portrayed. The pleasure without the pain.

Hawaii is not as exquisite as Tahiti or Samoa or the Marquesas, the parts of Polynesia further south, but yet it is so beautiful, so entrancing, that if one had not seen those other more poignant islands one would defend the perfection of Hawaii. Mark Twain wrote his first romantic story in Hawaii, and long afterward he said:

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ears; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloudrack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

"Our Hawaii" is a revision of the book Charmian London published five years ago. She has eliminated the bulk of personalities concerning her husband which she put into "The Book of Jack London," and besides adding matter about the Government and affairs of Hawaii has begun her new book with three articles written by her husband in 1916.

He relates how King Kalakaua of Hawaii went to Tokio, and in the Mikado's palace offered the hand of the Hawaiian Princess, Kaiulani to a Japanese imperial prince. He suggested that such an alliance would give Japan a stake in Hawaii and strengthen his own kingdom against the aggressions of the Yankees. The Son of Heaven scratched his head for a moment, but he did not accede. However, his folks have taken the hint, and Hawaiian born Japanese will soon outvote others having the franchise. The city of Honolulu is in appearance almost as Japanese a city as Yokohama; there are 110,000 Japanese in the Territory of a total of 256,000 people.

Of course, the Hawaiian as a factor is inconsiderable; there are fewer than 25,000 pure Hawaiians living. The Hawaiian is doomed to extinction. The representatives of all the old chief stocks are seven-eighths, three-fourths or one-half whites. The Hawaiian strain grows thinner and thinner, but the grandsons and great-grandsons of the white settlers of the early part and middle of the last century have continued their forefathers' hold upon the power and wealth of the islands. Their foe in the future in the fight for money and prestige will be the American-Japanese (that is, born in Hawaii), if they maintain their solidarity. It is not proven that they will. One must remember that the American, English, German and Portuguese whites made a brave showing in Hawaii quite a long time ago, and established their civilization there when California was still fairly wild. They grew wheat, potatoes and milled flour, and sent them to the Forty-niners, and exported many comforts to the white pioneers about San Francisco Bay, who sent their children to be educated in Hawaii. The newspaper which I helped edit under the republic of Hawaii sent the first printing press to San Francisco for the publication of an American weekly.

Charmian London's story runs on from day to day and month to month during several visits to Hawaii, and until her last journey alone, a few months ago, much of it is devoted to Jack's reactions in the various tours and their hourly life about Waikiki, the bathing beach of Honolulu. There are scores of pages of evidence of her love and admiration for the husband since gone, as the earnest and appreciative biography, "The Book of Jack London," indicates that the years since his death have been given to the preparation of his eulogy.

In the mass of running comment, of gossip, of outbursts of enthusiasm for scenes and people it is not difficult to find material for quotation, but it is not so easy to separate passages from their context. Hawaii is a great experimental laboratory, not merely in agriculture, but in ethnology and sociology; remote in the heart of the Pacific, more hospitable to all forms of life than any other land, it has received an immigration of alien vegetable, insect, animal and human life more varied and giving rise to more complicated problems than any other land. In a single school in Honolulu there are twenty-three nationalities and mixed nationalities. Even the cocoanut palms are not indigenous, nor bananas, breadfruit, taro, oranges, sugar cane, mangos; nor mosquitoes, centipedes and rats. The Hawaiian group does not lie in the path of seed carrying birds, and it remained

Concerning the Craft of Fiction

THE CRAFT OF FICTION. By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN "The Craft of Fiction," Percy Lubbock, as a reader of novels, expresses amazement at the chaos in which the art is still pursued. In all the talk of novels, instead of any discussion of technique, he finds only such lucubrations as that Jane Austen was an acute observer, Dickens a great humorist, George Eliot had a deep knowledge of provincial character, and so on.

"It is their books, as well as their talents and attainments that we aspire to see, their books which we must recreate for ourselves if we are ever to behold them. And in order to recreate them durably there is the one obvious way—to study the craft, to follow the process, to read constructively. The practice of this method appears to me at this time of day, I confess, the only interest in the criticism of fiction. It seems vain to expect that discourse upon novelists will contain anything new for us until we have really and clearly and accurately seen their books."

The dramatic incident, the scene, is ranked as the element of first importance. Here narrative ceases and a direct light falls on the characters and their doings. This is the sharpest effect within the novelist's range. If it is wasted it loses force, and if it is weakened the climax has no better resource to turn to instead. For its length it is expensive in the matter of time and space; an oblique narrative will give the effect of further distances and longer periods with much greater economy. The scene must be reserved for climax. Then it will act swiftly and sharply. It is a mistake for the novelist to be always breaking into dialogue, into dramatic presentation. The fully wrought and unified scene, amply drawn out and placed where it gathers many issues together, all active and advancing the story, is characteristic, the author finds, of "Madame Bovary," in which the dramatic scenes mark and affirm the structural lines of the story.

Picture, or panorama, is treated with similar scope. In fact, a large part of the book is concerned with the consideration of these two elements from different points of view. The study of general form, Mr Lubbock begins with an examination of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," remarking at the same time that it is idle to look for proportion and design in a book that contains a world. He thinks it may well be that effective composition on such a scale is impossible, but more specifically it is a confusion of two designs. Youth and age as well as peace and war, which, although masked more or less by Tolstoy's impeturbable ease of manner, is revealed by the look of his novel as a whole. "It has no center, and Tolstoy is so clearly unconcerned by the lack that one must conclude he never perceived it."

The effect of time is one of the elements interesting to Mr Lubbock, and in "War and Peace" he finds it belongs to the heart of the subject. "The subject is not given at all unless the movement of the wheel of time is made perceptible. I suppose there is nothing that is more difficult to insure in a novel. Merely to lengthen the series of stages and developments in the action will not insure it, there is no help in the simple ranging of fact beside fact to suggest the lapse of a certain stretch of time, a novelist may as well fall back on the row of stars and the unsupported announcement that 'years have fled.'"

As an example of a book in which the subject is absolutely fixed and determined, so that it may be possible to consider the manner of its treatment with undivided attention, Mr. Lubbock selects "Madame Bovary." This book he calls the novel of all novels which the criticism of fiction cannot overlook. "Through all the torment which it cost him there was no hour when it presented a new or uncertain look to him." In "Madame Bovary," accordingly, the methods of the art are thrown into clear relief. The difficult question of the center of vision is taken up as the most obvious point of method, the question as to with which of the characters the writer is to identify himself.

"In Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary' there could be no question but what we must mainly use the eyes of Emma herself; the middle of the subject is in her experience, not anywhere in the concrete facts around her. And yet Flaubert finds it necessary, as I said, to look *at* her occasionally, taking advantage of some other center for the time being; and why he does so a nearer inspection of his subject will soon show. Here we have, then, the elements of the novelist's method—essentially few and simple, but infinite in their possibilities of fusion and combination. They are ranged in a new design to suit every new theme that a writer takes in hand."

After Tolstoy and Flaubert, the novelists employed mainly for illustration of method are Thackeray, Dickens, Henry James and Balzac. Especially interesting is the discussion of the desires by which Balzac attains the effect of time.

"The effect of the generalized picture, supporting the play of action, is one in which he particularly delights. He constantly makes it serve his purpose with a very high hand. It becomes more than a support, it becomes a kind of propulsive force applied to the action at the start. Its value is seen at its greatest in such books as Le Curé de Village, Père Goriot, La Recherche de l'Absolu, Eugénie Grandet—most of all perhaps in this last."

It is somewhat later in the book that Mr. Lubbock shows how Balzac dealing with a scanty action in "Eugénie Grandet," makes us feel the slow crawling of time while the girl waited for the return of the lover who had forgotten her. It was all accomplished by rendering the scene and the general setting so perfectly that the story took care of itself. Two-thirds of the book were already written when the young man was dispatched to the Indies. After that "Balzac can treat the story as concisely as he will; he can record Eugénie's simple experience from without, and yet make the fading of her young hope appear as gradual and protracted as need be; and all because he prepared in advance, with his picture of the life of the Grandets, a complete and enduring impression."